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Hymns from the Hymnal

Set to New Tunes

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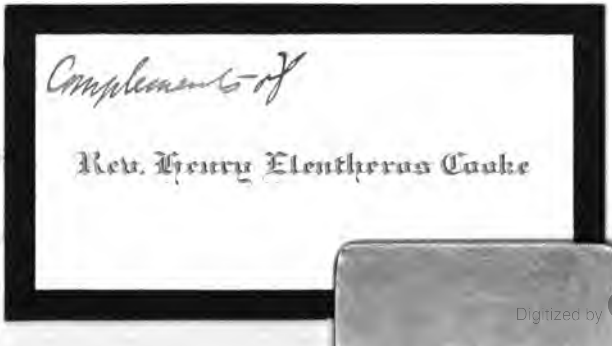

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Twenty-five Hymns

from

The Hymnal of the Church; Set to New Tunes

by

Rev. Henry E. Cooke

George W. Jacobs & Co.
1216 Walnut Street
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Dedication.

In loving memory of one whose life was in itself a hymn of noble truths; whose character was resonant with ever-changeful and ever-beautiful harmonies, supporting melodies of strong and majestic purpose.

The composer dedicates these tunes to his father,

Jay Cooke.

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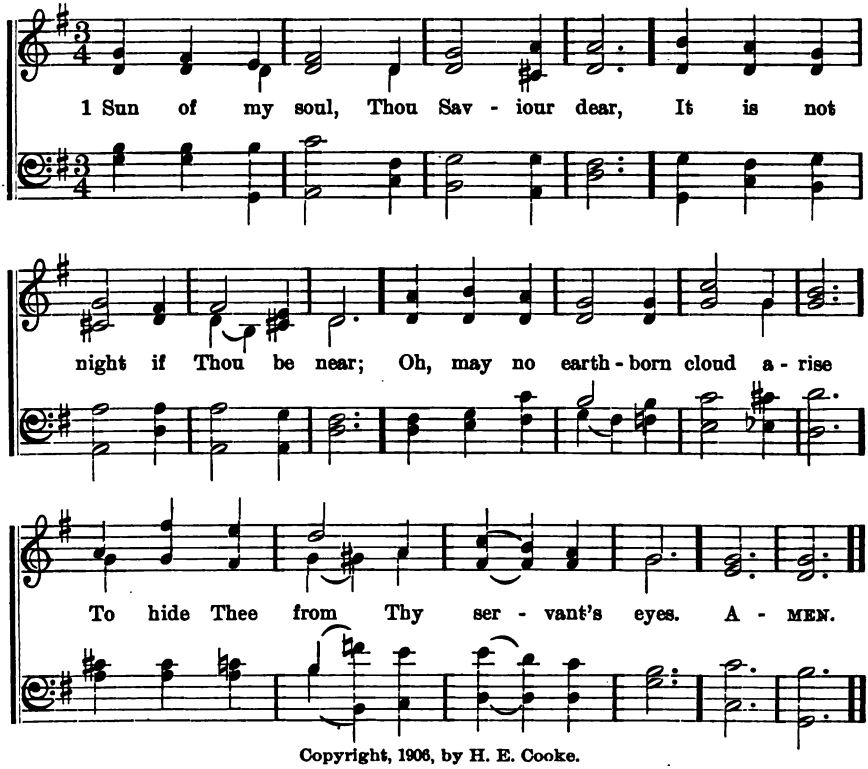
HYMNS FROM THE HYMNAL SET TO NEW TUNES.

1 Sun of My Soul.

11 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

J. Keble.

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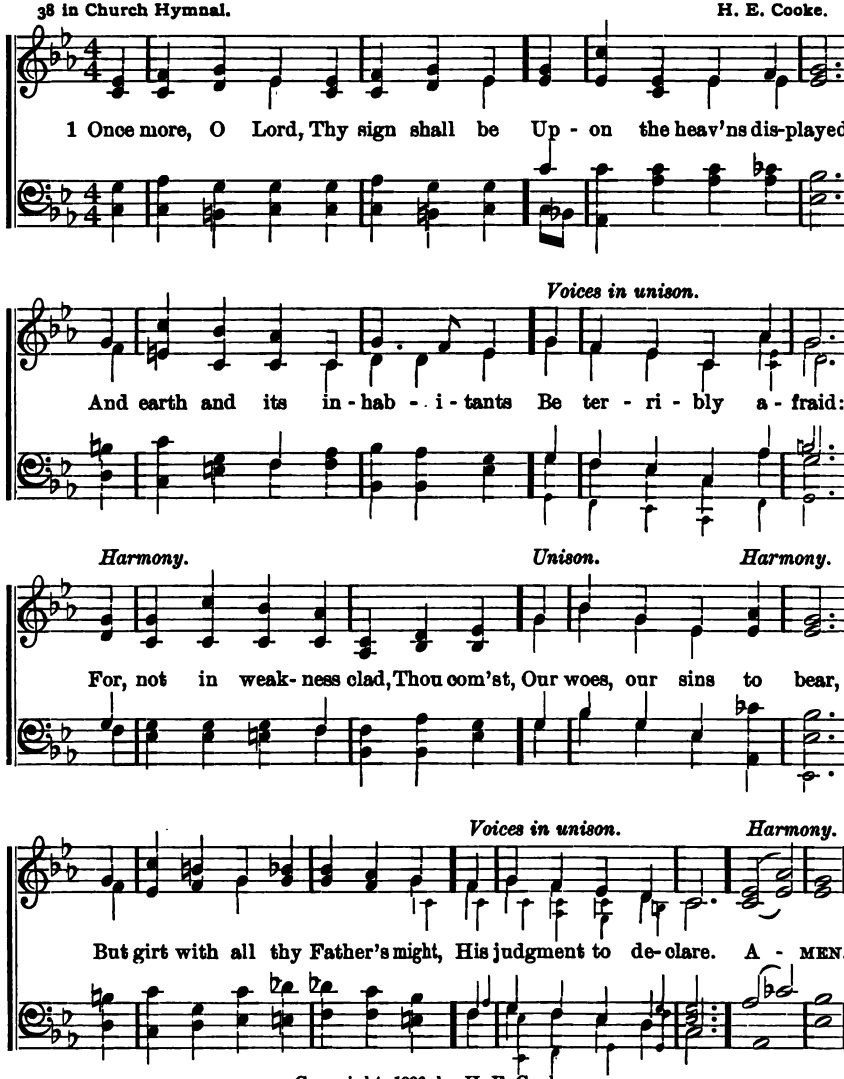
Once More, O Lord.

38 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 The terrors of that awful day
Oh, who can understand?
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
Shalt lift Thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale;
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass.
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with Thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies.

G. W. Doane.

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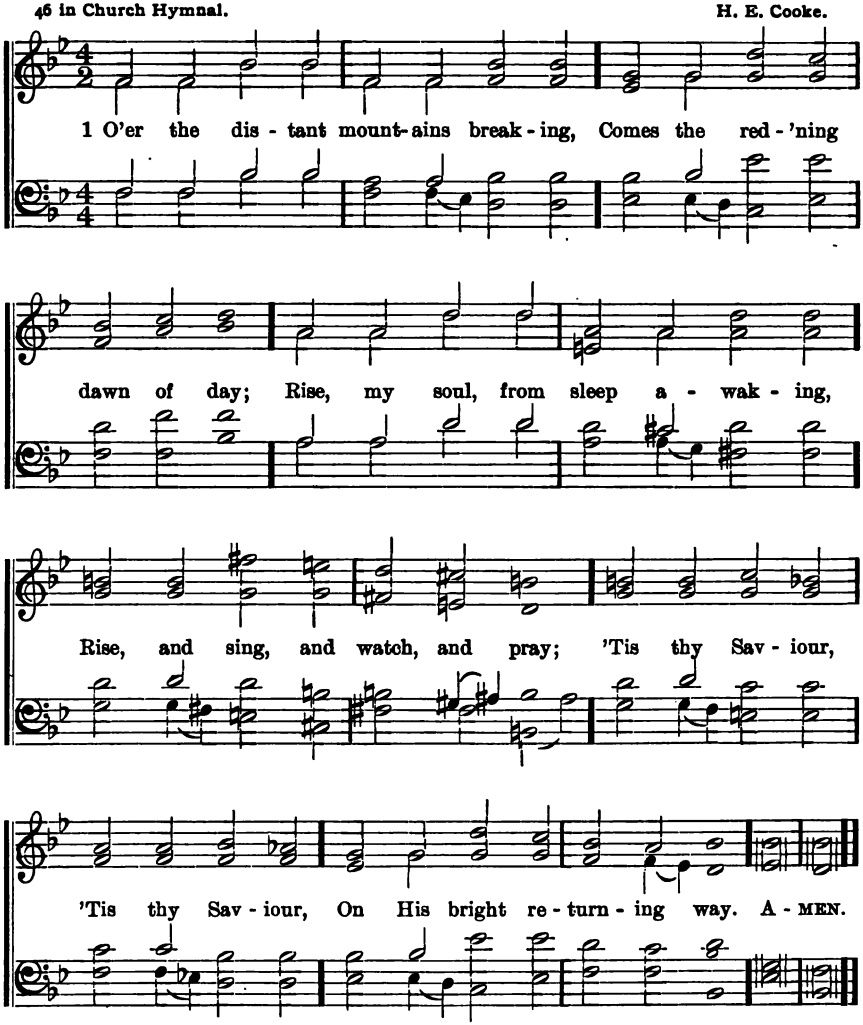
3 O'er the Distant Mountains Breaking.

46 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 O Thou long expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

4 With my lamps well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come, my Saviour,
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

J. S. B. Monsell.

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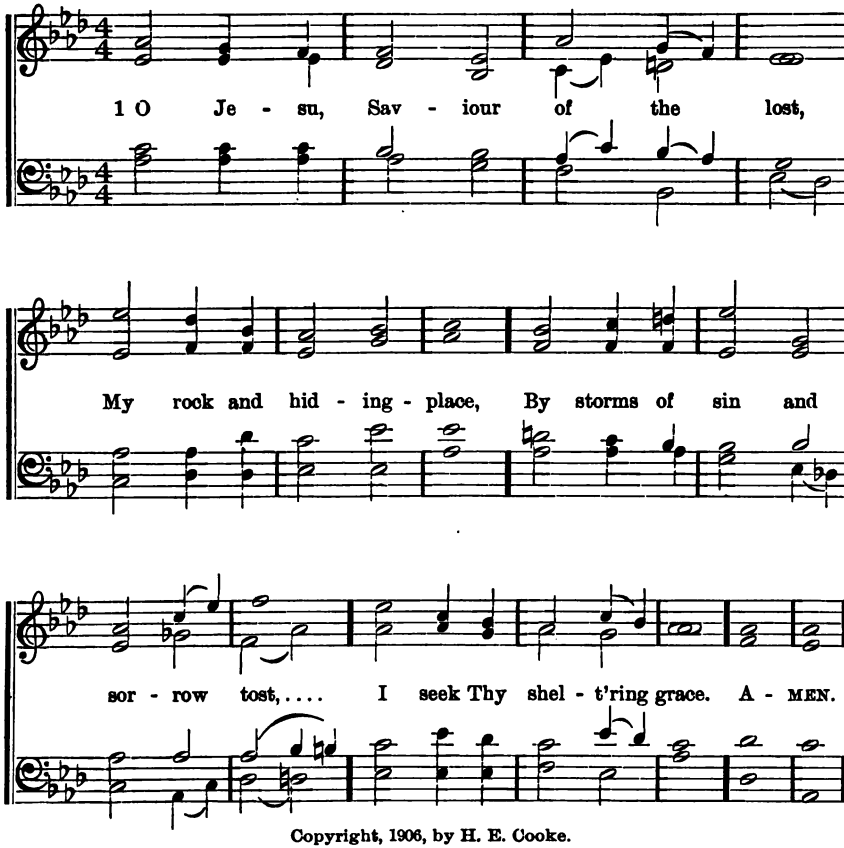
O Jesu, Saviour of the Lost.

85 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on amain;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

E. H. Bickersteth.

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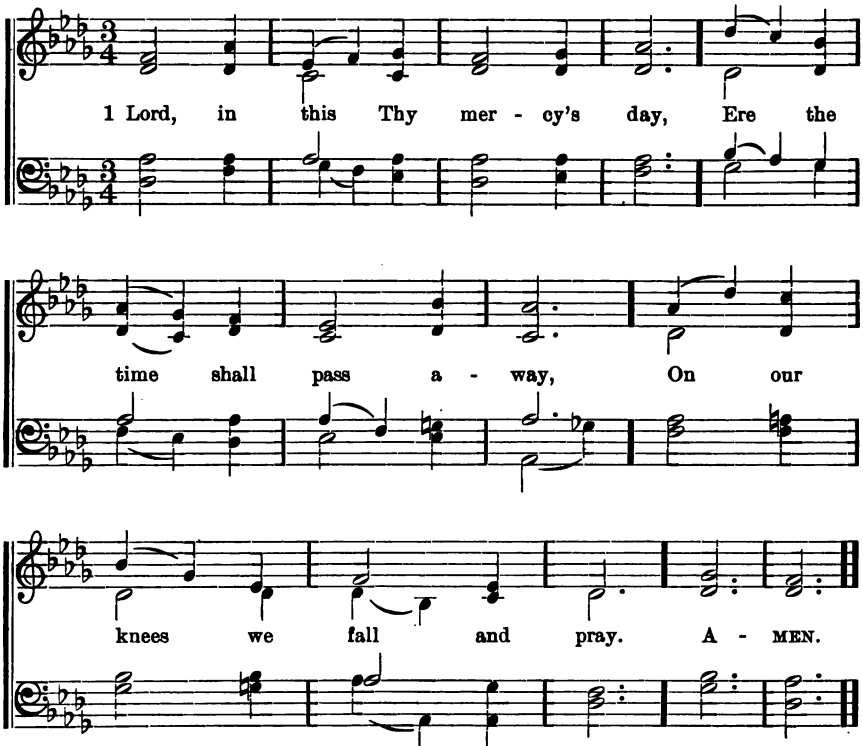
5 Lord, in This Thy Mercy's Day.

88 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
Grant us, when we see Thy face,
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned, round Thy throne.

I. Williams.

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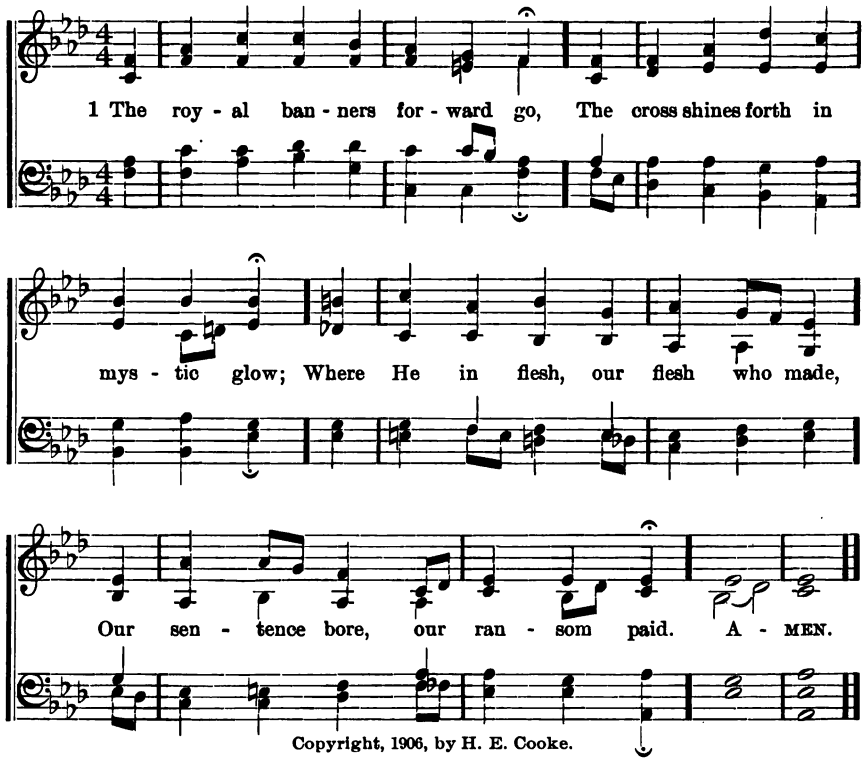
The Royal Banners Forward Go.

94 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 Fulfilled is now what David told
In true phrophetic song of old,
How God the heathen's King should be;
For God is reigning from the tree.

4 O tree of glory, O tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

5 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but He could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.

6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross Thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

V. Fortunatus: Tr. J. M. Neale.

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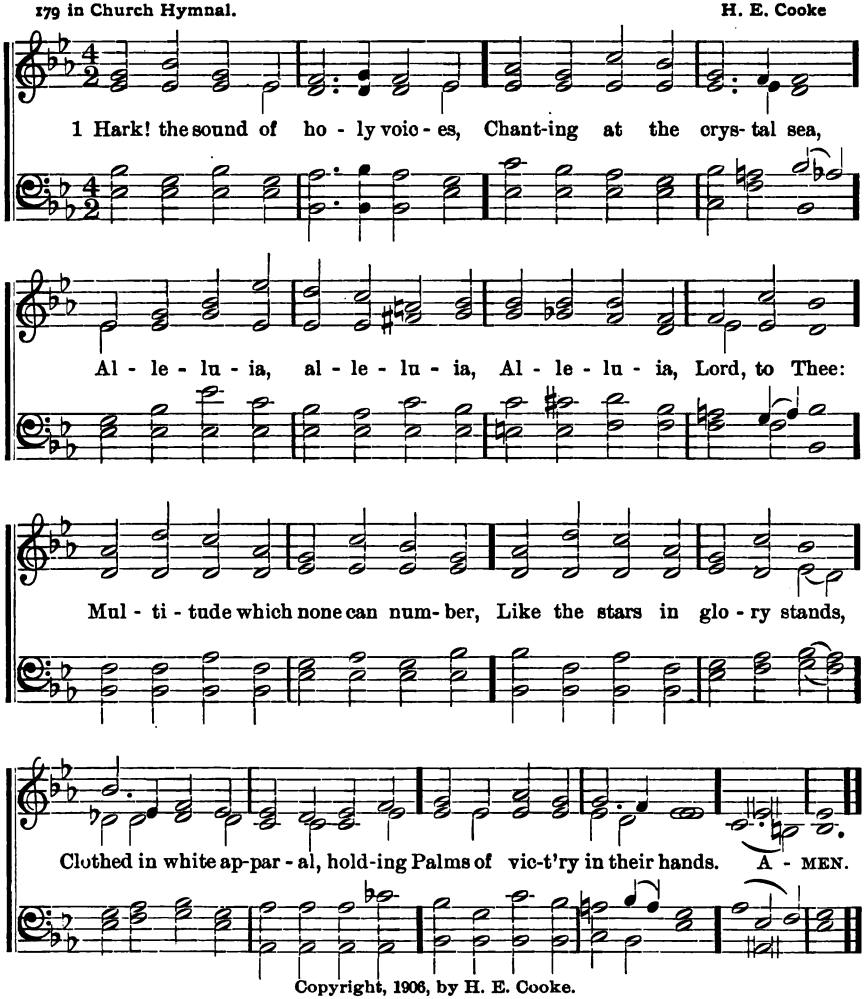
7 Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices.

179 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke



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2 Patriarch and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth.

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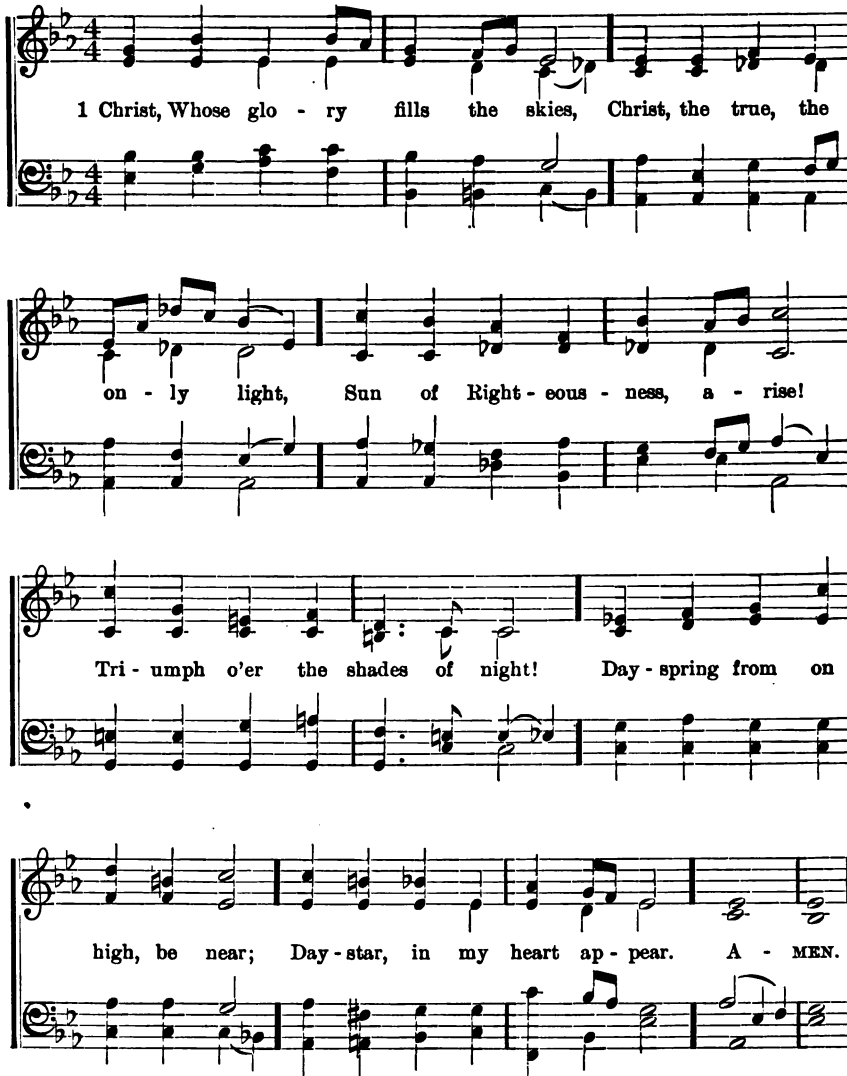
Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies.

312 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart,

3 Visit then this soul of mine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill me, Radiency divine!
Scatter all my unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

C. Wesley.

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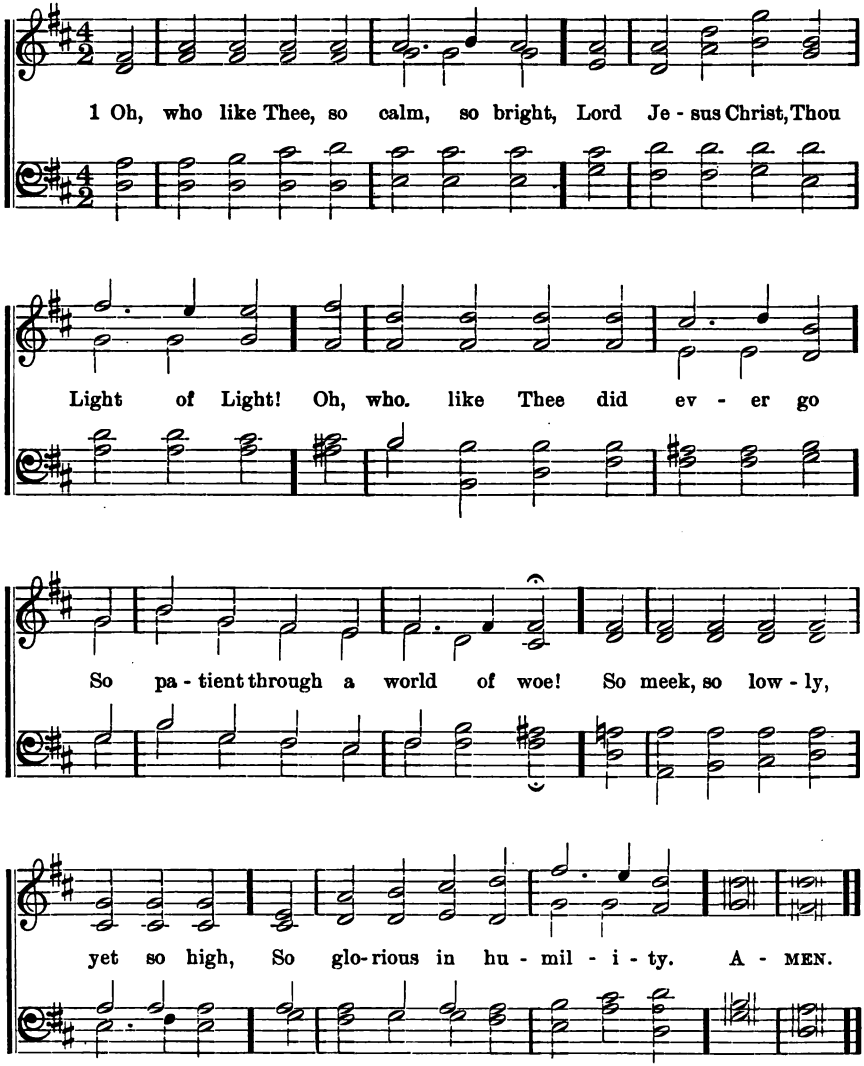
9 Oh, Who Like Thee, So Calm, So Bright.

314 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 O wondrous Lord, our souls would be
Still more and more conformed to Thee,
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,
That burns these fevered veins within;
And learn of Thee, the lowly One,
And like Thee all our journey run.

3 Oh, grant us ever on the road
To trace the footsteps of our God;
That when Thou shalt appear, arrayed
In light to judge the quick and dead,
We may to life immortal soar,
Through Thee, who livest evermore.

A. C. Coxe.

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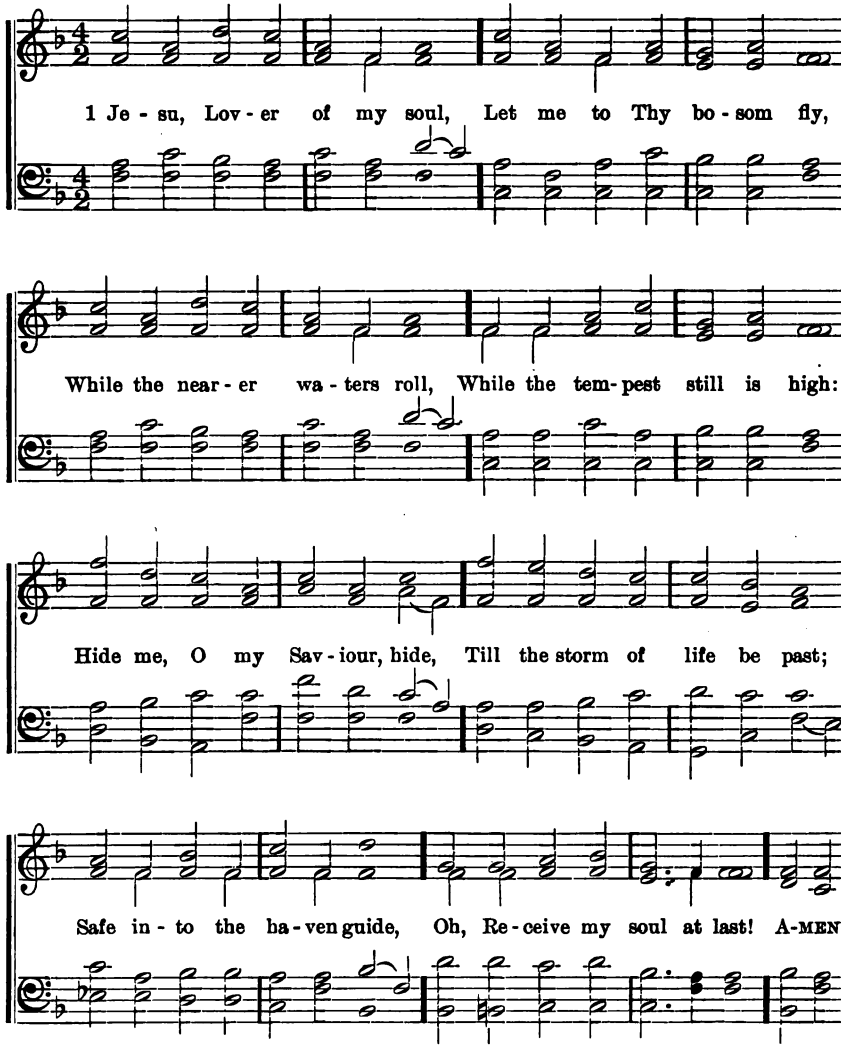
Jesu, Lover of My Soul.

335 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still Support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley.

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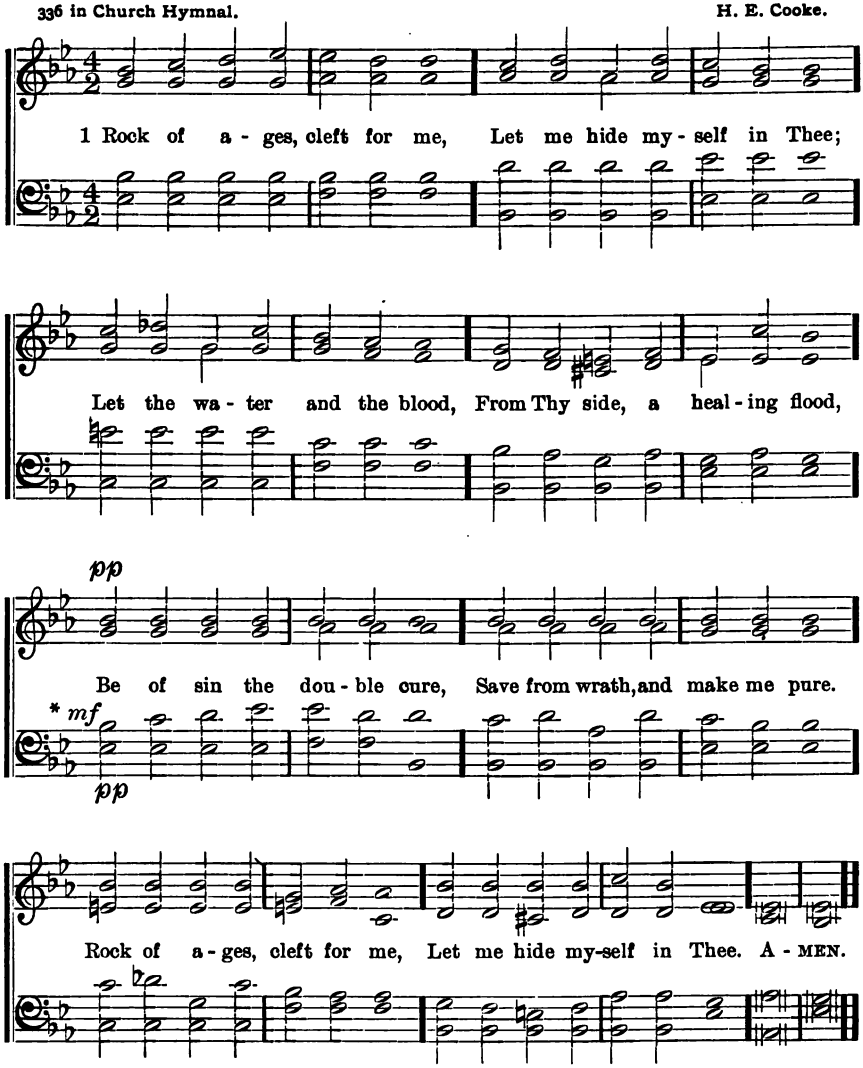
Rock of Ages.

336 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



* Emphasize *tenor*, which here takes the melody.

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2 Should my tears forever flow
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

A. M. Toplady; J. Cotterill.

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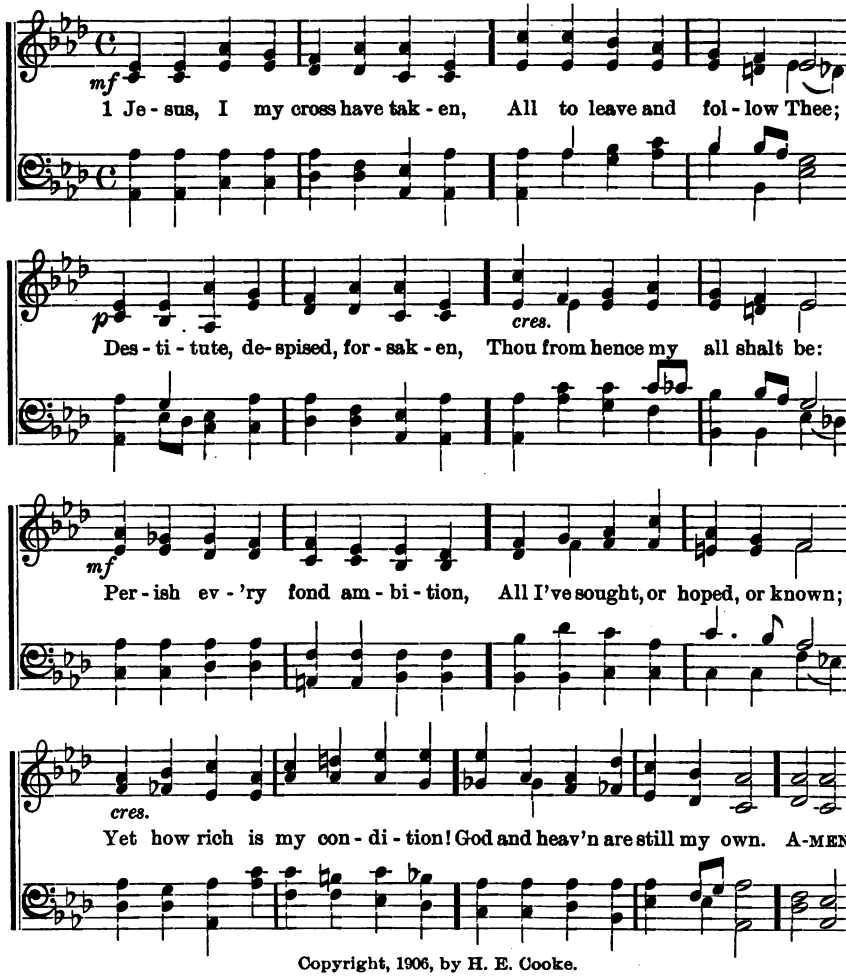
Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

358 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me:
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by pray'r,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte.

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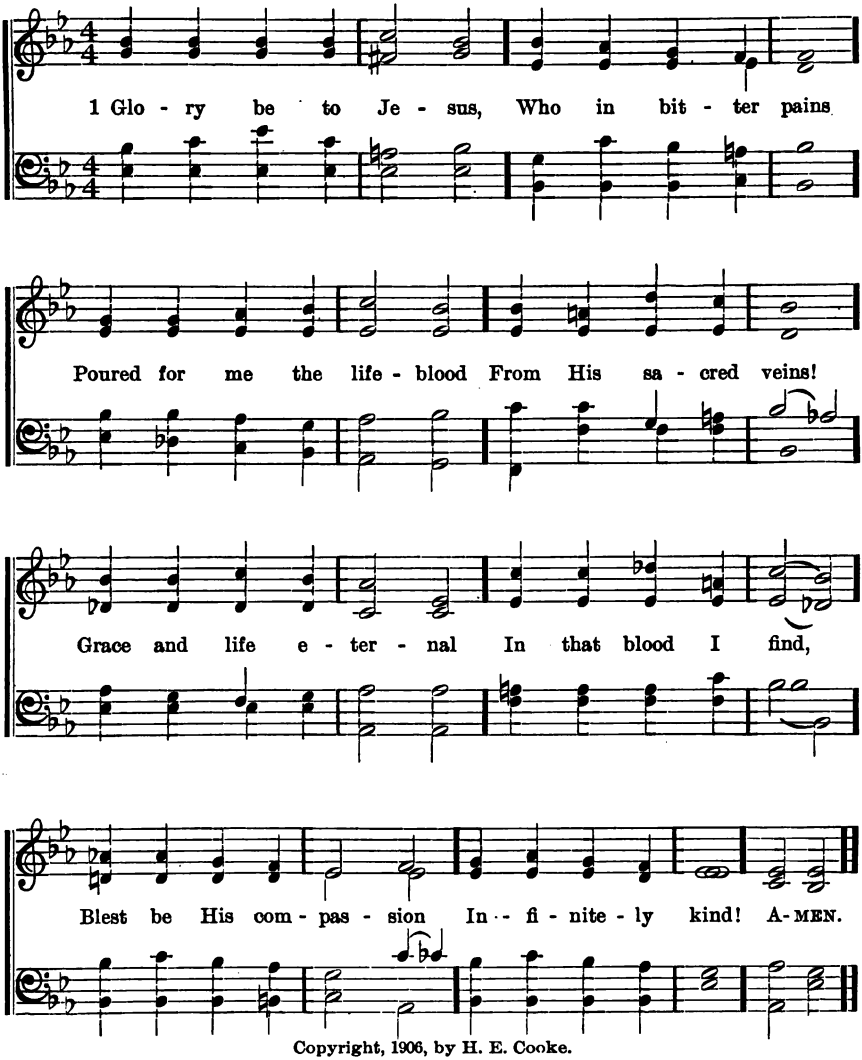
Glory Be to Jesus.

362 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from sin and sorrow
Does the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the Precious Blood.

Tr. E. Caswall.

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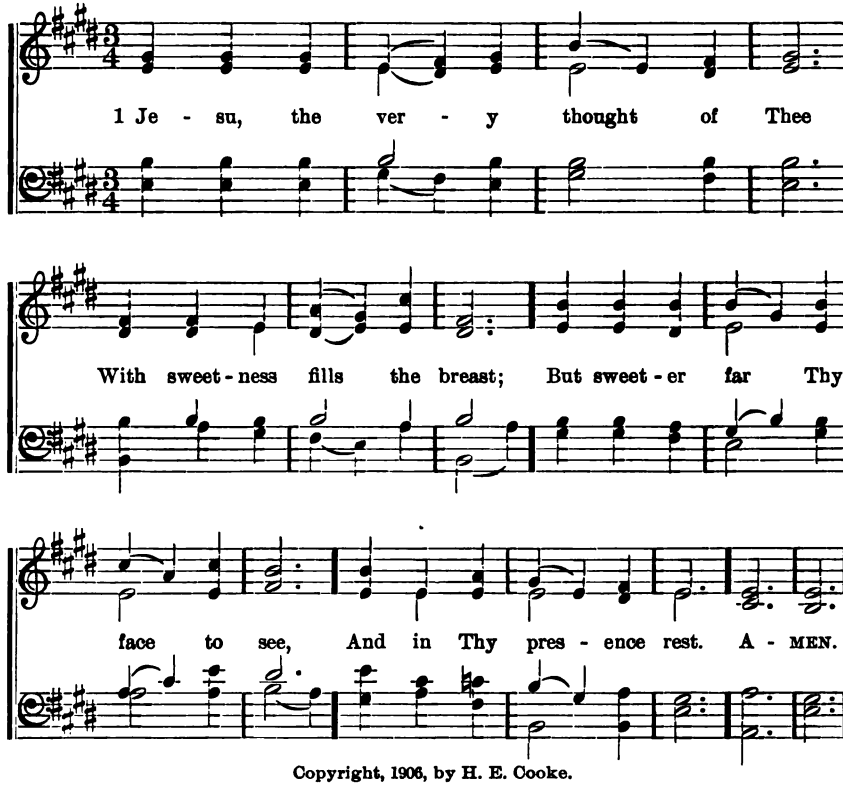
Jesu, the Very Thought of Thee.

434 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek.

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Tr. E. Caswall.

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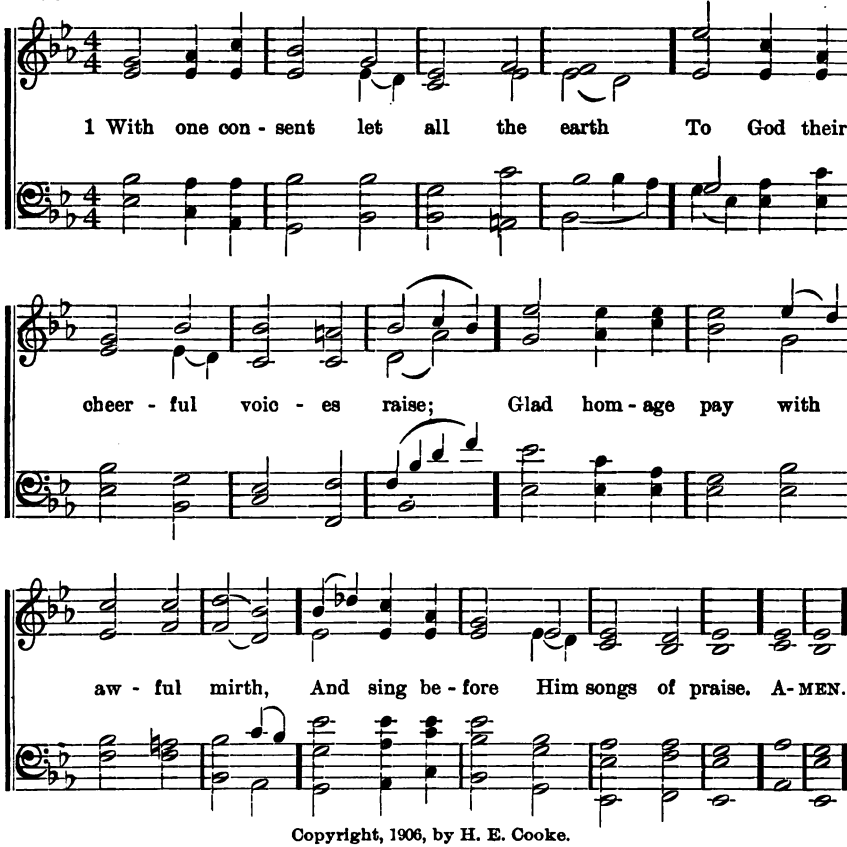
With One Consent Let All the Earth.

469 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From Whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 Oh, enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

Tate and Brady.

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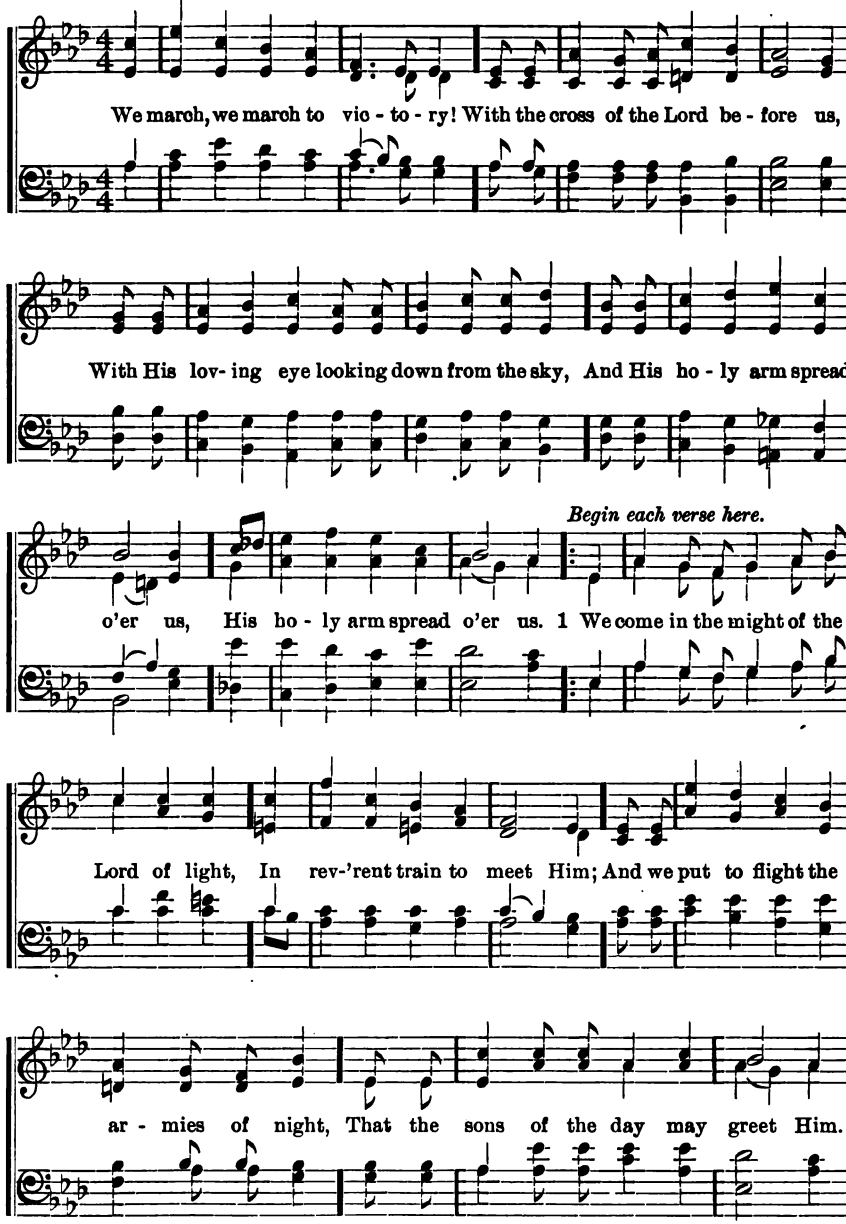
We March, We March to Victory.

514 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.

Before first verse only.



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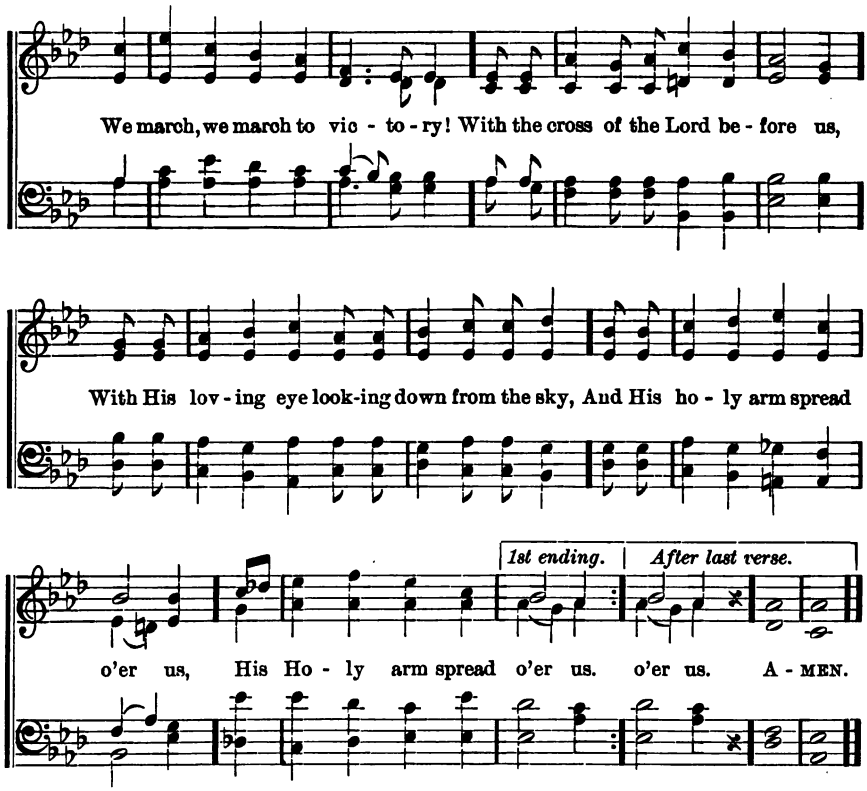
We March, We March to Victory.—Concluded.



2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner, the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above.
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

We march, we march to victory!
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

G. Moultrie.

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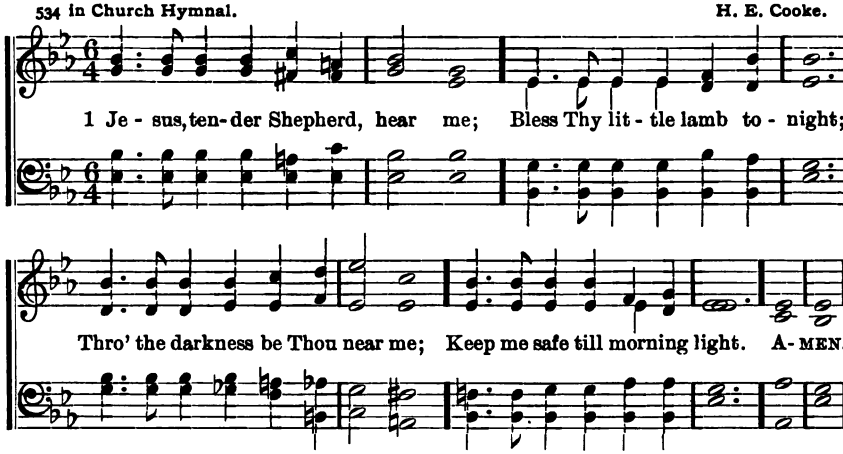
17 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

534 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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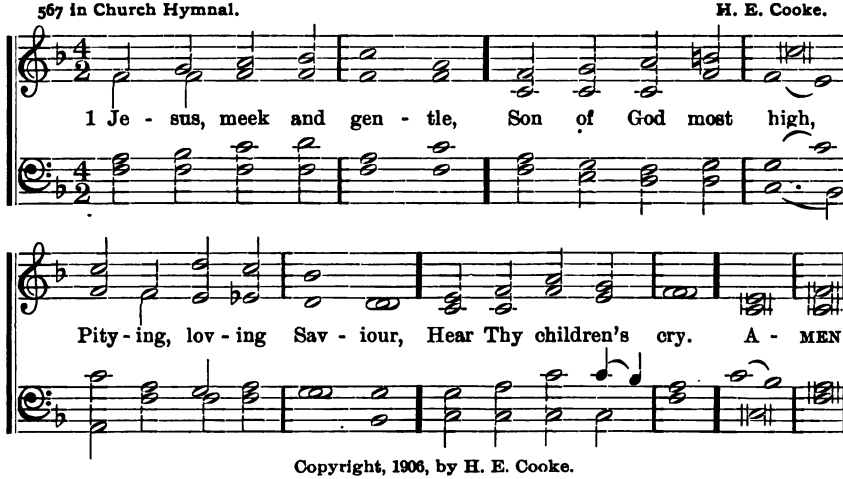
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer! [me;

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

M. Duncan.

18 Jesus, Meek and Gentle.

567 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

G. R. Prynne.

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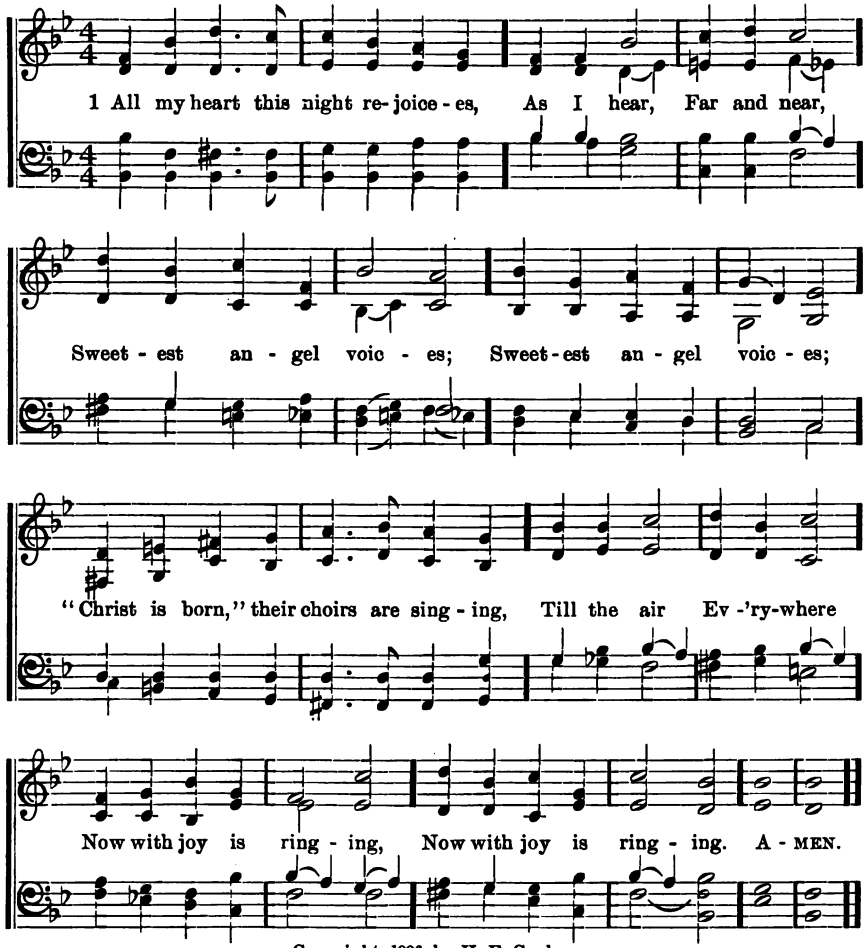
All This Night My Heart Rejoices.

538 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning!
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt: Tr. C. Winkworth.

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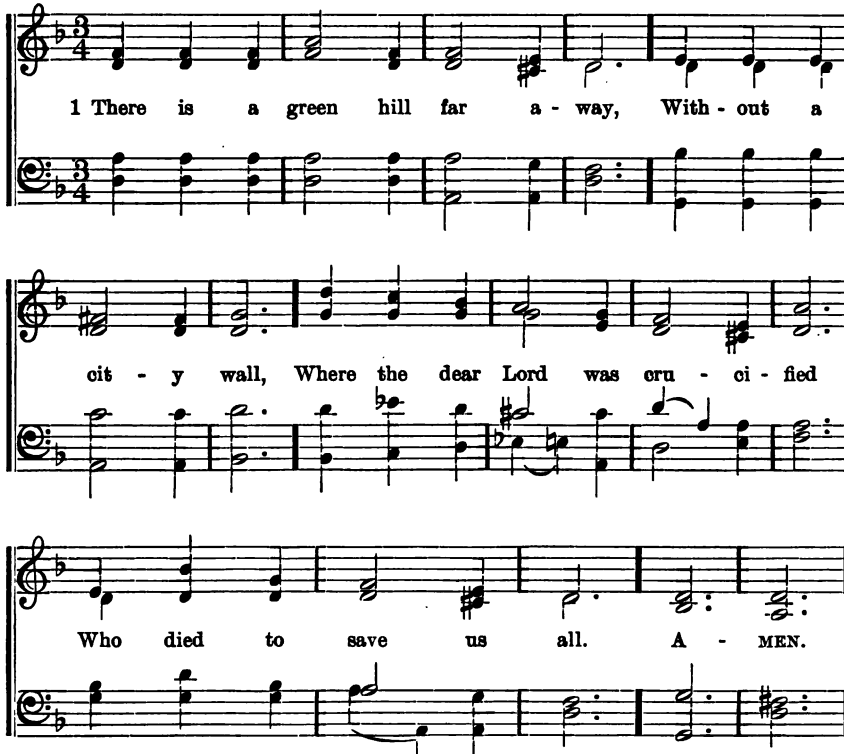
There is a Green Hill Far Away.

544 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

C. F. Alexander.

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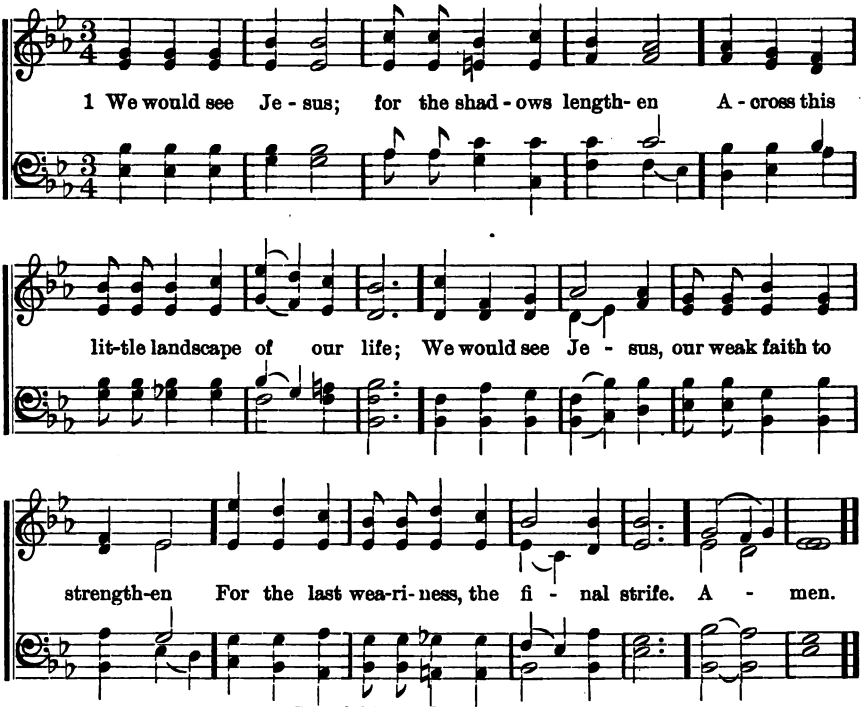
We Would See Jesus.

629 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

A. B Warner.

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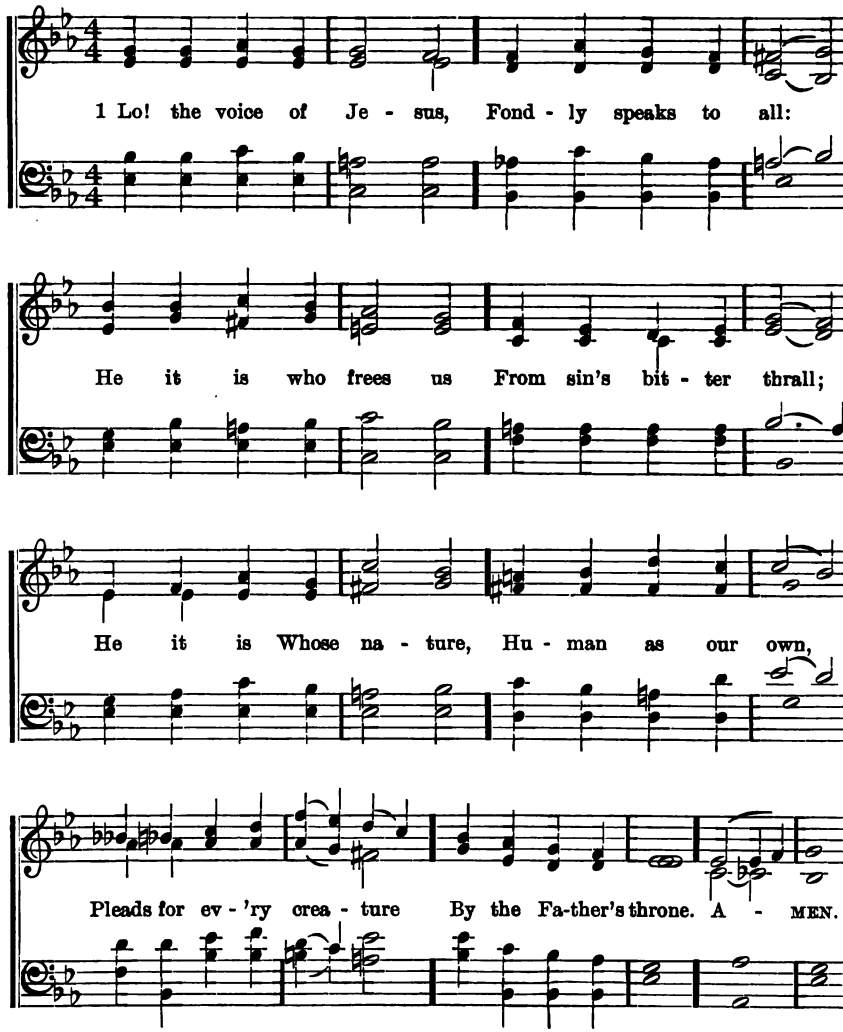
Lo! the Voice of Jesus.

608 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Lo! the voice of Jesus,
Heard within the breast,
Tells us He will ease us,
Howsoe'er distrest:
Tells us that our sorrow
For the night may last,
But a glad to-morrow
Breaks upon us fast.

3 Lo! the voice of Jesus
Bids us still endure:
Seek not what will please us,
But things just and pure;
Strive through self-denial
Upwards to the light,
Where faith's years of trial
Shall be lost in sight.

A. E. Evans.

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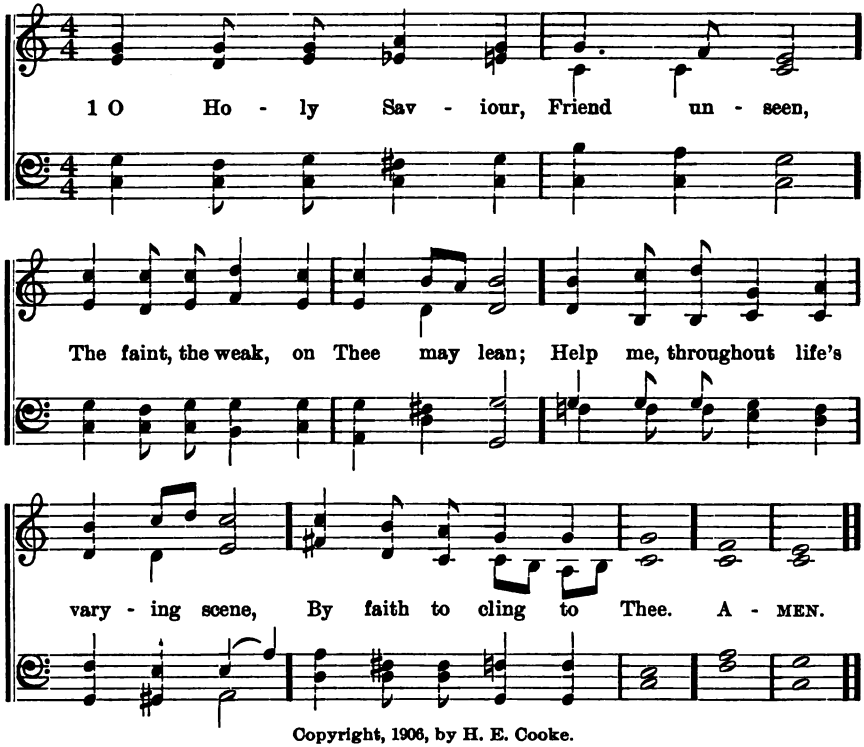
O Holy Saviour.

610 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love in gentle tone
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

6 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave.
Because they cling to Thee.

C. Elliott.

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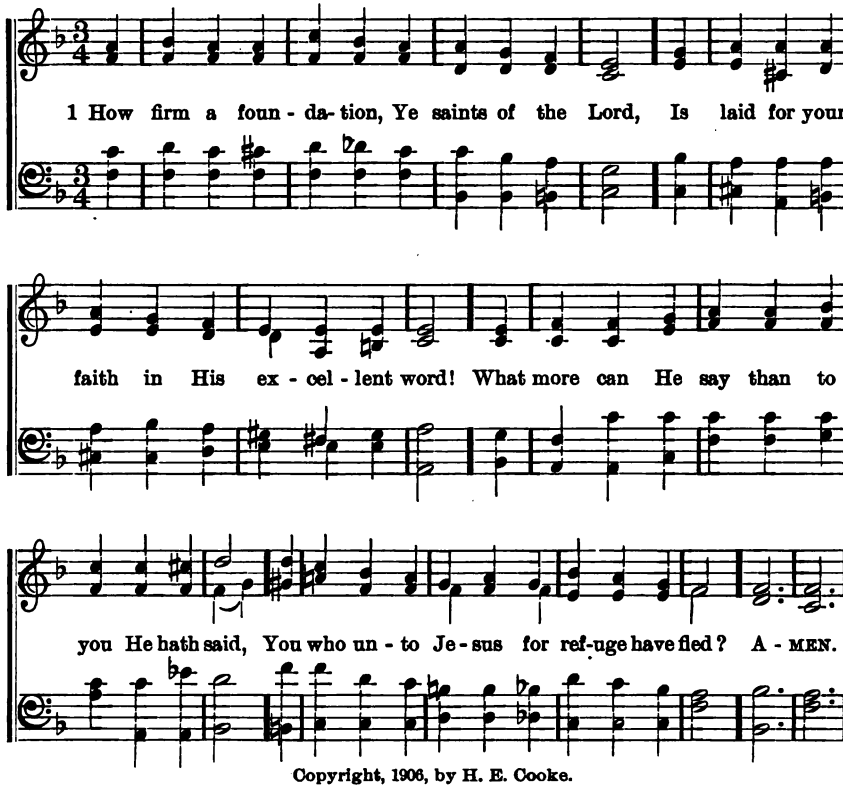
How Firm a Foundation.

636 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke.



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2 Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid,
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

G. Keith (?)

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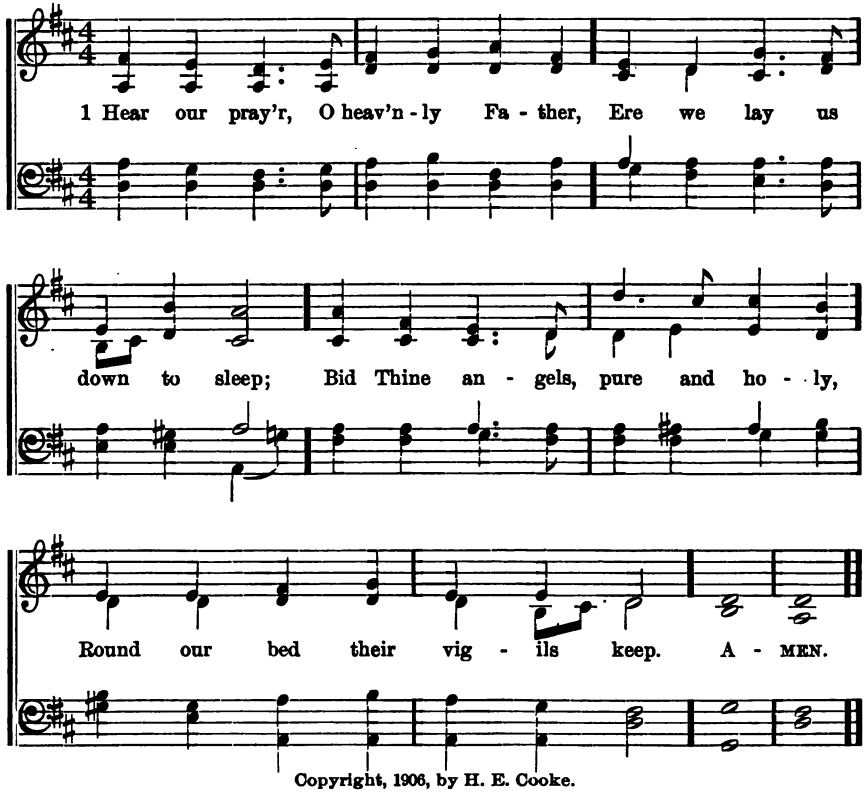
25 Hear Our Prayer, O Heavenly Father.

647 in Church Hymnal. H. E. Cooke



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2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before the cross we cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep us through this night of peril
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,
When our pilgrimage is made.

4 None can measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None can bound the tender mercies
Which Thy holy Son has bought.

5 Pardon all our past transgressions,
Give us strength for days to come;
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,
Till Thine angels bear us home.

H. Parr.

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COOKE, Henry E.

AUTHOR

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